

Hell Boy

by hironohime

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Summary: Okita Souji died from tuberculosis. After death he was appointed as a guardian of hell whose job is to help people accomplish their grudges. His days were gloomy until he met a certain geisha named Yukimura Chizuru. Story based on the anime "Hell Girl" which is also known as jigoku shojo with major changes.

## 1. Greetings From Hell

**\*\*Greetings From Hell\*\***

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><p><strong><em>Summary: Okita Souji died from tuberculosis at the age of 27 in the Bakumatsu era. After his death he was appointed as a guardian of hell whose job is to help people accomplish their grudges through hell correspondence. His days were gloomy until he met a certain geisha named Yukimura Chizuru a hundred year later in the Taisho era. Story inspired by an anime titled "Jigoku Shojo" which is also known as "Hell Girl".<em>\*\*

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><p>"So, she's our client for today." Shinpachi smirked.<p>

"She's still a kid." Heisuke let out a heavy sigh.

"Yeah, a kid just like you." Shinpachi grinned.

"Why youâ€|" Heisuke gritted his teeth and was about to slap his mocker when he saw that Okita who stood just a little way away from them had taken several steps forward.

"I have come to settle your grudge." Okita announced as he showed a folded piece of paper to the girl in the yellow kimono.

The girl froze in amazement for a while before she talked, "I'm now convinced that the rumors about hell connection are true."

"Will you tell me what you heard about us, missy?" Shinpachi asked curiously.

"For your information, my name is 'Osen', not missy." She protested while she gave her caller an irritated look.

"Spit it out then, Osen-chan." Shinpachi replied. Osen sighed at the stranger's impoliteness.

"I've heard that a guardian from hell will come to settle your grudge if you put a letter inside that old post near the Shieikan dojo at midnight. Well, to be honest I didn't expect that all of you would find my house." She muttered.

"Well, you heard correctly, but the post can only be seen by those who have strong grudge and it seemed like you fulfilled the requirements." Heisuke added.

"Evil is as evil does. If you're absolutely sure, then just remove the red ribbon and I will accomplish your grudge but in return, your soul will be sent to the deepest hell after you die." Okita stretched out his right hand. A voodoo doll with a red ribbon equipped on its neck appeared instantly.

"I have no regret. Hell is the best place for that man." Osen gritted her teeth as she pulled the red ribbon off the doll.

"Confirmed." Okita replied before he and his assistants disappeared from the girl's sight.

Osen walked to her house and closed the main door then, she stared at her bruised wrists. When a thought of being free from all the sufferings she had been experienced crossed her mind, her lips curved into a smile of satisfaction.

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><p>"I didn't know that a brothel has an underground gambling place." Heisuke muttered as he looked around.<p>

"Me either." Shinpachi added before he cracked the door open harshly.

"I'd like to have a word with Mr. Hideyoshi Takigawa." Shinpachi spoke out.

"What do you want? I don't think we've met each other before." A man in his late fifties who sat at the corner of the room glared at Shinpachi.

"My comrade will give his explanation later so, come with us." Heisuke demanded. The man clucked before he rose to his feet and followed his unknown guests to the exit door.

"Will you make it quick? I have some more games to play." Takigawa ordered when they reached a deserted park.

"Hideyoshi Takigawa, you will be sent to hell by the request of your own daughter." Okita announced coldly.

"Oh! Give me a break. I don't have time to hear your corny jokes." Takigawa laughed cynically.

"You committed violence toward your own daughter almost every day, Takigawa-san. Don't you think that you deserve to be sent to hell?" Heisuke asked as he gave the man a look of disbelief.

"I was just giving her punishment for not behaving properly and I believe that parents are responsible to educate their children. If my daughter behaved properly she wouldn't have been punished. So, I don't think it's a sin." Takigawa answered calmly.

"You are out of your mind!" Shinpachi claimed as he clenched his fists.

"Leave it to me, Shinpachi." Okita said before he walked closer toward Osen's father. His hair had turned pearl white and both of his eyes were crimson red.

"W-What the heck are you? Some sort of demon? Stay away from me!" Takigawa screamed as fear overwhelmed him.

"Pitiful shadow lost in the darkness, bringing torment and pain to others. A damned soul wallowing in its own sin, you should see what death is like once." Okita read the mantra with a loud voice as he held one hand in the air. A huge black hole appeared right in front of his target.

"No! I don't want to die!" Takigawa yelled as he turned his back to the guardians and tried his best to run but, his feet failed him causing him to stumble to the ground with his face first. Heisuke smirked evilly when he saw the wicked man absorbed by the black hole mercilessly.

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><p>"I'm sure that hell is the best place for that filthy bastard because of what he did to Osen-chan. Don't you think so, boss?" Heisuke patted Okita's shoulder when they came back to the <em>dojo</em> (practicing space for martial art).

"Watch your language, kiddo!" Shinpachi poked Heisuke.

"Ouch! That's hurt." Heisuke whined while rubbing his head.

"I'm sure that the old man will definitely turn into some sort of cricket in the next life." Shinpachi grimaced.

"Yeah, and he'll get killed by someone's foot." The two hell guardians laughed out loud.

"By the way, have you ever thought about who you were in your past life?" Shinpachi asked.

"Sometimes I tried to remember but it always failed me. I heard that some of the hell guardians didn't get their memories of the past life erased." Heisuke replied.

"Well, I'm not one of them then. I really have no idea who I was in the past and I don't give a shit about that." Shinpachi smiled.

"I thought you'd say so, Shinpachi-san. How about you, boss?" Heisuke turned his gaze to Okita.

"Neither do I. Anyway, I'll see you guys again at the headquarters." Okita turned around and was about to leave the dojo when Shinpachi caught his arm.

"Let go of me, Shinpachi." The head officer of the hell guardians emphasized his tone.

"You know what, boss? I think you've been working too hard so, you need to be entertained. I suggest you go to the red-light district over there and grab some chicks."

"What makes you think that I work too much?" Okita asked back sarcastically.

"You've been grumpy lately and those two dark marks under your eyes tell everything." Shinpachi replied calmly.

Okita let out a big sigh when both of his assistants disappeared from his sight. He started to walk while reflecting on what had happened today. The client had requested him to send her own father to hell. As anticipated, Osen's father was indeed a bad person since he had committed domestic violence and spent most of his time gambling. The man cried hopelessly as if he is a three year old boy who cried for losing his candy and begged for forgiveness when Okita was on the way to deliver his soul to the main gate of hell where the great Enmadaio, the person who is in charge of deciding what kind of punishment the soul shall receive in hell awaited.

To be honest, he had never thought that human beings could be that hideous. Okita was responsible to deliver the soul to hell by peddling a tiny ship through the River of Underworld. He and his assistants can interact with the living as though they were one as well. They can fall sick and feel pain like normal people but, their body stayed young no matter how many years passed by. He and his assistants had been doing his recent job of settling people's grudge for more than a hundred years.

Okita started to look around searching for a shop that sells sugarplums because, sweets is the best remedy to cure his stress after work. Somehow he regretted that he had lied to his assistants about not remembering his past life. He used to be a member of an organization called 'Shinsengumi' and renowned as of one the talented swordsman in that era. Heisuke and Shinpachi were his comrades back then and he had no idea why he was the only one who hadn't lost the memory of his past life.

He stopped walking when his eyes caught the figure of woman in her early twenties dressed in crimson red kimono with green butterfly pattern, sitting behind the wooden framed window of a small brothel. He noticed that she was a geisha upon spotting the huge yellow belt tied in the front part of her outfit. She noticed him and gave him a friendly smile. Okita could feel his cheeks heated. He had no idea about how to deal with woman and he had failed to experience the

feelings to love and to be loved in return since he died from tuberculosis in his mid-twenties.

"It was very discerning of you to choose her, Sir. She is our best." A middle age man who seemed to be the owner of the brothel and was standing not far away from the window greeted him.

"No, I was just looking around." Okita declined.

"Don't worry about the fee. We give discounts to newcomers." The owner smiled. Okita had no choice but to enter the place. He sat on the tatami mat and waited. The owner's wife brought him a bottle of Japanese sake and some food were served on a small red tray in front of him. After a moment that seemed like forever, the entrance door slid open revealing the geisha he saw at the entrance.

"Pleased to meet you, Sir. I'm Chizuru." She bowed politely.

"I'm Okita Souji. Pleased to meet you too." Okita replied. Chizuru smiled before she took the sake bottle and poured the contents to a red cup Okita was holding. He nervously drank the liquid in an instant.

"I can tell from your accent that you are not from Kansai, am I right?" She asked.

"I'm originally from Edo." He answered.

"So, are you working in Kyoto?" He nodded in agreement.

"What do you do?"

"I help people accomplish their grudges." He answered blatantly.

"Are you telling me that you're a policeman?" Chizuru gave a quizzical look at her customer.

"I'm a secret agent." He replied. "Why don't you tell me about yourself?" Okita said again as placed his sake cup on back to the tray.

"Well, I was born and raised in Edo and I'm good at playing shamisen (traditional guitar)." She explained cheerfully.

"I see. So, your parents are living in Edo, aren't they?" She paused for some minutes before she answered his question, "My parents sold me to this brothel when I was fifteen since they were too poor to feed two kids. Last month I was informed that they had died from cholera. I have a twin elder brother but I don't know whether he is still alive or not." Okita regretted questioning her when he saw the sad look in her eyes.

"I'm sorry for ruining the mood, Okita san. I will get a shamisen from downstairs." Chizuru stood up and headed to the exit door. All of the sudden she felt giddy, she lost her balance and was about to make a free dive to the tatami mat when Okita caught her waist just in time.

"Are you alright, Chizuru-chan?" He asked anxiously.

"I'm alright, just a little bit dizzy." She answered weakly. Okita placed his right hand on her forehead and frowned at the feverish sensation.

"You're having a high fever. I'll tell the owner to bring some ice cubes." He stood up. "No, please. If they know that I'm sick they will fire me." She clutched the edge of his kimono to prevent him from going further. Okita let out a heavy sigh before lifting Chizuru up in bridal style.

"Kyaa! Okita-san, what are you doing? Please put me down!" Chizuru protested panic.

"Not until we reach the bed." He claimed as he proceeded to the space behind a huge folding screen with a pair of black dragons painted on it.

"Now, don't complain that I'm being impolite since I can't use my hands." Chizuru nodded as she clung to his neck. Okita moved the folding screen aside then flipped the thin blanket with his right foot and gently placed the girl on it.

"Sorry, but I need to do this before it gets worse." He claimed. Chizuru bit her lower lip and shut her eyes tightly when she felt her obi being untied. The next time she knew she was embraced by two muscular arms and her eyes widened in surprise when she saw his bare chest, she started to tremble in fear.

"Don't worry I won't harm you. This is the only way I know of curing a high fever when you can't use ice cubes." He whispered as he caressed her raven locks. She noticed that he was trying to reduce her fever by using his body temperature. Speaking the truth, Chizuru was touched by his kindness. No one including her parents has ever treated her so nicely before.

"Why are you so nice to me?" She queried.

"Because I think you deserve to be treated nicely." He responded promptly. She blushed at his words and averted her look away so he won't notice the change in her expression.

\*\*To Be Continued\*\*

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><p><strong><em>Author's Note: Thank you so much for reading this fic :D. I hope all of you like it. Critics, comments, suggestions are welcomed with a warm heart so please feel free to write them through review :). I forgot to tell you that in this story Okita doesn't know Chizuru in his past life since she didn't exist so, I'm sorry to have confused all of you. I'd like to thank Direction of Time for correcting my grammatical mistakes and giving me brilliant advises. If there's still any grammatical mistakes in this fic they all belong to me since I'm re-editing the fic. <em>><strong>

## **\*\*Chapter 2\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"It's been a while, gentlemen." Kazama Chikage smiled at his customers.<p>

"Two beers; for me and Heisuke." Shinpachi said as he sat on a round chair behind the counter.

"Sure, how about you, Okita san?" Kazama moved his gaze to the man in a brown yukata.

"The usual one," Okita replied promptly.

"Got it." The bartender answered before he took some glasses from the cupboard behind him. A few minutes later, two huge glasses of beer and one glass of red wine were served.

"I wonder why you like to drink that, Boss. It tastes like mud." Heisuke showed a disgusted face when he saw Okita sipping his red wine. Okita was about to defend his favorite drink when all of sudden a woman with long raven hair appeared.

"May I?" She asked politely. Okita nodded and pulled the chair next to him for her, she muttered a word of thanks before sitting down. The slightly out-sized purple yukata she wore gave the gentlemen around her a generous view of her cleavage. Shinpachi together with Heisuke, gawked at the wonderful scenery right in front of them, their faces turned as red as a cherry.

"May I take your order, Miss?" Kazama asked calmly.

"A glass of black beer, please." She replied with a seductive smile.

"OK." Kazama nodded at her request. Heisuke covered his mouth with one hand to prevent himself from bursting into laughter when he heard Kazama's speaking tone that sounded like a mouse squeak.

"I'm Kimigiku." The lady said elegantly as she bowed.

"Okita Souji." Okita replied.

"So, Okita-san would you like to come to my workplace? I guarantee that you will have an unforgettable visit." She gave him a seductive smile.

He realized that she was a low class geisha since a well-educated one won't enter a bar to search for costumer. He heard that there were two types of geisha. One is those who only offer sexual service to the costumers and the other one is those who provide the costumers mainly with entertainment such as dance performance and playing music instruments like Chizuru.

"I would love to but, I'm afraid I can't." He claimed. "Would you tell me the reason?" "Come closer, I can't announce it in public." Kimigiku raised an eyebrow before she moved closer to hear his excuse.

"I have \_(mumble) (mumble).\_" He whispered.

"Could you speak louder? I can't hear you." She requested inquisitively.

"I have boobs and they grow bigger each day." He repeated seriously with a pitch that was loud enough to be heard by the surrounding people. The lady shot him a look of disgust before she put some money on the counter and rose to her feet..

"Your drink, Miss." Kazama said calmly as he placed a glass of black beer on the table.

"I don't need it anymore." Kimigiku replied angrily before she rushed her way to the exit door.

"Now, that was really cruel, Boss." Shinpachi chuckled.

"She looked as if she was going to explode." Heisuke who could not stop laughing, rubbed his aching stomach.

"You can have her drink, Nagakura-san." Kazama placed the black beer in front of Shinpachi.

"Oh boy! I'm such a lucky man!" Without hesitating Shinpachi immediately gulped the beer to the last drop in less than ten seconds.

"Anyway, that chick really knocked you off your feet, didn't she?" Heisuke smirked at Kazama.

"Todo-san, have you ever heard about death by a corkscrew?" The golden haired bartender lifted up a silver corkscrew and glared at Heisuke.

"Time to leave, fellows." Okita rose up from his seat and placed some money on the counter. Heisuke let out a sigh of relief before thanking his commanding officer for saving him.

"Thank you, gentlemen. Have a nice day." Kazama said with a friendly tone as he bid his customers farewell.

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><p>Okita tossed his brown kimono to the floor and put on his black one. Then, he stepped out of the rusty Shieikan dojo followed by his assistants.<p>

"I have come to accomplish your grudge." Okita greeted his client who was standing not so far away from the main entrance door of the rusty dojo. A sixteen year old boy with long dark green hair jerked in surprise since he was looking at the full moon on the night sky.

"I wonder why all our recent clients are kids?" Shinpachi snorted.

"I'm Ibuki Ryuunosuke. I want you to eliminate a man called Serizawa Kamo from this world." The lad demanded as his body trembled in anger.



"Evil is as evil does. When you pull the red string, you will have your grudge settled and your soul will be delivered to hell when you die. But, when your target is killed before we take his soul, our contract will be cancelled automatically and your soul will not be delivered to hell." Okita explained the rule as he handed Ryuunosuke the voodoo doll.

"Would you tell me what that Serizawa guy did to you?" Heisuke asked curiously.

"Heisuke, that is none of our business!" Shinpachi snapped at his junior comrade.

"It's alright, I'm willing to explain." Ryuunosuke showed a bitter smile, the guardians of hell fell silent as they waited for the client to tell them his story.

"I have a girlfriend whose name is Misuzu and she is a half demon."

"I didn't know that demons still existed." Heisuke scratched his head.

"The pure blood line diminished long ago so only a small number of half demons remain." Ryuunosuke explained.

"I see. Please continue." Shinpachi pushed on.

"Misuzu worked in a famous kimono shop and was well known for her beauty and intelligence. I met her when my senior in swordsmanship dojo dragged me to the shop after we had a drink nearby last year. We started our secret relationship half a year ago and were living a happy life until that Serizawa ruined it." Ryuunosuke clenched his fists in anger.

"There is a woman called Oume who works in the same place with Misuzu and she is Serizawa's woman. Oume is jealous of my girlfriend's beauty and intelligence so she asked Serizawa to ruin Misuzu's life and make her suffer for the rest of her life." There was a long pause before Ryuunosuke continued his story.

"Serizawa created a huge scar on Misuzu's face with his steel fan and because of that she got fired from the shop since the shop owner thinks that no costumers want to be served by a shop staff with a huge scar on her face. Yesterday, she asked me to end her life by shooting her with a silver bullet since it is the only weapon that could kill those who have demon blood in them. So, I shot her, had her body cremated and scattered her ash into Kamogawa River as she requested. Then I went to fight Serizawa for revenge but I ended up losing my left hand." Ryuunosuke pointed at his bandaged left arm.

"We've heard enough, Ibuki-kun. All you have to do is pull the red string and you'll get what you want," Shinpachi said. Hearing Shinpachi's speaking tone, Okita knew that his assistant was filled with anger. Ryuunosuke nodded and pulled the red string off the voodoo doll.

"Your grudge will be settled." Okita announced.

"I'm counting on you, hell boy." Ryuunosuke smiled before he walked toward a dark spot under a huge pine tree nearby. Okita and his assistants turned their backs on their client and started to walk toward the direction of Shimabara. They were about several meters away from the dojo when they heard a painful scream.

"Shit!" Heisuke cursed.

"Heisuke! Get your ass back here!" Ignoring the combustion scream of Shinpachi, Heisuke ran toward the pine tree and froze when his eyes caught the sight of his client bleeding from his stomach. In front of him laid a long sword in a red sheath. Heisuke noticed that it was one of the swords Ryuunosuke had been carrying with him when they met. The small one was now stabbed in Ryuunosuke's stomach. Heisuke took the unused long sword out of its red sheath and asked, "Any last words?"

"Please send this letter to Hokushin dojo." Ryuunosuke muttered weakly as he handed Heisuke a neatly folded piece of paper.

"Got it." The youngest hell guardian answered promptly before moving his sword downward in a blur of movement

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><p>"I'm glad that Serizawa and his beloved lady were assassinated by some unknown bandits when we arrived at his place." Shinpachi let out a sigh of relief before he moved his gaze to the younger man who sat beside him.<p>

"Heisuke, I'm sure you are aware that it is forbidden for us to help a client in committing suicide. You should be prepared to accept a heavy punishment from our Vice-commander." Shinpachi continued. Heisuke remained silent and kept staring at the floor.

"Goddammit! Say something, will ya?" Shinpachi seized Heisuke on the hem of blood stained his kimono.

"I won't defend myself since I understand that I deserve to be punished." Heisuke stared at his senior calmly.

"Stand in front of the mirror and look how miserable you are in your current state. You just committed murder!" Shinpachi yelled.

"What do you expect me to do then? Do you want me to watch him bleeding to death? Don't you think that kind of behavior is the same thing? I didn't do that for fun, I just wanted to end his sufferings!" Heisuke spoke out. Shinpachi slapped Heisuke hard on his right cheek causing the poor boy to bleed.

"Behave yourself, guys. We are in the residence of our great commander, Enmadaïou and his Vice-commander." Okita warned his subordinates.

"He has a point, I hate to hear someone screaming like a lunatic old hag in my Residence." A man who was wearing a dark purple kimono with his long raven hair tied neatly in a ponytail announced grumpily. Along with him a guy with stripes patterning red kimono and a seven years old girl wearing a bright pink kimono came in, she was carrying a cup of green tea on a tray. The man sat in front of a small table

located at the center of the living room.

"Your tea, Hijikata-san." The girl said politely as she placed the teacup on the table. "Thank you." He replied with a friendly tone.

"Good afternoon, Hijikata-san. We have come to report the result of our duty today." Okita said.

"I'm listening." Hijikata replied sternly after he took a sip of his tea. Okita explained the whole thing and waited for his head officer to give his judgment.

"So, you guys weren't able to settle the grudge of your client because the targets were killed by some unknown bandits and this kid here even helped the client in committing suicide." Hijikata exclaimed in a serious tone, his right forefinger pointed at Heisuke.

"Yes, exactly." Okita replied firmly. Hijikata took a deep breath then sipped his tea again calmly.

"Heisuke shall return to work as usual." The evil Vice-Officer of Hell summarized after a moment that seemed like forever.

"What do you mean by that, Hijikata-san?" Shinpachi raised an eyebrow.

"He did not commit killings because of hatred and as we must respect the spirit of true samurai like Ibuki Ryuunosuke. But, since killing is one of the unforgivable sins Heisuke shall receive a hundred times whip punishment ten minutes later." Hijikata averted his gaze to the guy in red kimono who was sitting beside him.

"Sanosuke, you shall conduct the punishment."

"Yes, Sir." Sanosuke replied before he walked toward Heisuke and dragged him out of the room.

"That concluded our meeting today, you are all dismissed." Hijikata stood up from his huge chair and headed back inside the residence. Okita and Shinpachi bowed politely until Hijikata left the room.

Shinpachi shut his eyes tightly as he bit his lip when he heard a sound of powerful whip followed by a painful scream

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><p>"Okita-san, I'm sorry to keep you wai- kyaaaa!" Chizuru screamed in panic when she saw a half-naked man sitting in front of her.<p>

"It's not your first time seeing me in this state, is it?" Okita said calmly as he moved two paper fans up and down.

"Please put your clothes on, Okita-san." Chizuru said tensely. Being a geisha, it was a common thing for her to see naked man. But for her, Okita Souji was different from those men she had served and she had no idea about why she thought about him that way.

"Would you be kind to do it for me?" He showed his trademark naughty smile and stared at her in a lustful way as if he was not seductive enough in his current state. She gulped the lump in her throat before walking closer to him then took out a pink colored handkerchief with flower patterns and began to wipe his sweat with it.

"Chizuru-chan." He whispered.

"Y-Yes?" She replied clumsily as she took his brown kimono from the floor.

"Would you treat me nicely if I told you that I'm a demon?"

"Even if you were an angel of death I would treat you nicely." Chizuru chuckled.

"Why?" He gave her a look of curiosity.

"I don't judge people by whom or what they are since I know a lot of well-educated and even wealthy people who act violently." She replied as she set the brown yukata on him and tied the obi. Okita stared at her closely, his eyes caught the view of purple colored bruise on her slightly revealed left shoulder.

"What happened to your shoulder?" Chizuru immediately covered the bruise by putting her kimono back to its proper place. "You are so bad in hiding things, you know that?" Okita moved forward then slid her kimono open to take a better look. He found out that there were also several bruises on her back. He let out a big sigh before pulling a package of medicine on which is written 'Ishidasanyaku' (a medicine made by Hijikata) from his chest pocket and handed it to her.

"Drink this with hot sake, it will help to cure the bruises." He ordered.

"I'm fine, Okita-san. You don't have to worry about me." She refused.

"Drink it." He insisted as he handed her a cup of hot sake he took from his tray.

"But..."

"Do you prefer I deliver it to you mouth-to-mouth?" He smirked, Chizuru shook her head and immediately drank the medicine. She was about to thank him when he suddenly moved to embrace her.

"Okita-san?" She questioned confusedly, her face turned cherry red.

"I won't force you to tell me about what happened to you yesterday but, if you want to share it I'm all ears." He told her with a soft voice. She took a deep breath before she began to tell the whole story.

"I was serving a middle age customer yesterday and all of sudden he drew a wooden sword and suddenly attacked me with it. I tried to

escape but I couldn't because he was blocking the exit door." Chizuru paused for a while to recall the memory and spoke again, "I asked him why he attacked me and he told me that it's because I look like his ex-wife who betrayed him and left him in despair. I kept screaming for help and tried my best to get rid of him by throwing anything my eyes caught. But, he was too strong. He managed to tie my hands with the pillow cover and started to beat me with no mercy. I fainted and when I woke up, the shop owner told me that there's no worry because the man who beat me got arrested." Okita noticed that Chizuru was clutching the hem of his yukata and her hands were trembling in fear.

"I'm sorry that I wasn't there to protect you." He apologized.

"It's not your fault, Okita san." She replied.

"I'm providing you my chest so, you are free to cry if you want to." He whispered kindly.

She bit her lip and tried so hard not to burst into tears since she didn't want him to judge her as a crybaby. Unfortunately her eyes betrayed her as several crystal drops streamed down her rosy cheeks. She let out some painful sobs while clutching onto the hem of his yukata. He didn't say anything since he knew that he's not good in using words for consolation so, all he could do was caressing her silky raven hair and waited until she stopped crying.

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><p><strong>To Be Continued<strong>

### 3. Wrath

**\*\*Chapter 3: Wrath\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Okita's dream<strong>

"\_How many times should I teach you the proper way to mop the floor? I can still see dust on it." Kondo Fude yelled at the nine year old boy in an orange kimono.\_

"\_I'm sorry, Fudeâ€"san." Okita bowed as low as he could to express his apology. He rushed to the kitchen and placed a cup of miso soup, a bowl of white rice and a small plate of radish pickles on a tray. He was about to enter the dining hall when he tripped over a bamboo sword and dropped his meal tray. With a large cracking sound, the tray hit the floor and its contents were scattered around.\_

"\_There won't be a new meal for you since it was your own fault for being careless. You should have watched your way when you walk." Fude stated coldly, Okita bit his lip as he caressed his bruised legs. He was pretty sure that the bamboo sword was not there when he cleaned the corridor some minutes ago.\_

"\_Souji, you can have myâ€"|" Isami had not even finished his words when Fude shot him an angry look.\_

"\_Isami-san, if you dare to give the boy your meal, you will forfeit your next two!" The middle age woman screamed hysterically.\_

"\_He's only nine and he needs nutrition to grow up, mother!" Isami protested.\_

"\_It's alright, Kondo-san. Please excuse me." Okita smiled at Isami.\_

\_After that, he scraped a majority of the rice from the floor and raised his hand to his mouth. Really, he didn't want to eat dirty food he'd picked-up off the floor, but he had no choice, since he'd eaten nothing from the previous night's dinner. He took a dust cloth from his front pocket and cleaned the floor before he headed back to the kitchen and put his dishes into the sink.\_

\_He could feel his emotion beginning to well up within him as he thought about his predicament. Without thinking twice he ran to the backyard and entered the empty dojo where he kneeled down; several teardrops fell down his cheeks. He covered his mouth with both hands so no one would hear that he was crying. If only his parents did not die as such an early age, he would have not been sent to the dojo where he is treated as though he worth no more than garbage. He cursed everyone who made him suffer as he sobbed hard.\_

**\*\*End of dream\*\***

"Okita-san, are you alright? Okita-san!" Okita opened his eyes to Chizuru's anxious face.

"You were screaming in your sleep. Did you have a nightmare?" He nodded in answer to her question.

"I'll get you a glass of water." She hastily rose to her feet and headed downstairs.

Okita covered his face with both hands as he slowed his breathing pace. It has been a while since he last dreamed of his younger years; memories he desperately wished he could forget. Unfortunately, it remained with him even after his death two hundred years ago.

"Here you are." The soft, familiar voice brought him back to reality. Chizuru handed him a glass of water and he drank it in an instant.

"What time is it now?" He asked as he put the empty glass on a table nearby.

"A quarter to seven." She answered briefly.

"I have to go." He got up, put on his brown kimono and grabbed his sword.

"I'll see you at the Gion festival later, Okita san," She said happily.

He smiled at her before placing five pieces of gold on her hand. "Use that money to buy yourself a new kimono at Gion shopping arcade. I'm sure there are a lot of better kimonos out there."

"But, this is too much and I like the one I use daily." She protested.

"Chizuru chan, I don't have time to argue. I'll meet you at the Kamogawa Bridge at seven pm sharp later today." He concluded before he closed the room door behind him. Chizuru stared at the money she received and blushed when she recalled the memory of Okita inviting her for a date last night. She promptly stood up and took her purse and exited her room with a huge joyful smile on her face.

\* \* \*

><p>"I'm here to settle your grudge." Okita said to a woman in her early thirties who was standing in front of a ragged hut, the place she requested to have their services.<p>

"I'm Akesato. Please come inside because, I don't want the neighbors to hear our conversation." She opened the front door and walked in, Okita and his assistants followed the lady into the house.

"So, you want us to send your husband to hell. Am I right?" Heisuke asked blatantly after he sat on the tatami mat at the living room.

"Yes, indeed, and I'm willing to explain the reason." The lady said as she placed three cups of hot green tea in front of her guests.

"Is he the one who created that?" Shinpachi pointed at a huge, old bruise on her neck.

"No, he didn't. This was created when I failed in committing suicide." She replied. Heisuke fell in silence as he gave the woman a look of pity.

"So, would you tell us what happened?" Okita demanded.

"I met my husband when I was working as a geisha in Shimabara. He was a nice samurai and a good client to me so, I agreed when he asked me to marry him. However, everything changed when he was discharged from his job." Akesato frowned. "He told me that everything got worse after we married; he kept whining each day about not having a proper job like before and he blamed me for his I told him that he should be patient, he yelled at me. He told me that I should go back to my hometown and live a poor life with my parents. After that he would throw some of our possessions to the floor and he does it whenever he is displeased."

"How pathetic!" Heisuke snorted.

"Behave yourself, Heisuke." Shinpachi scolded his junior comrade.

"Sorry for the interruption, please continue." Okita apologized.

"I'm not going ask for all the riches in the world. I got married to him because I love him from the bottom of my heart. Unfortunately, it seems that he doesn't love me anymore." Tears escaped her eyes when she finished her words.

Okita took a voodoo doll from his chest pocket and showed it to his client. "You are the one who make the decision." He lowered his tone.

"My advice is not to let wrath take over you. I've seen those who regretted after they sent their beloved one to hell." Shinpachi explained.

"Wrath." Akesato repeated, a smile of anguish appeared on her face. "I think that's the only emotion I have with me now. I've been trying my best to please him but I failed and I'm sure that I deserve to get my freedom back!" She exclaimed sternly as she pulled the red string off the voodoo doll.

\* \* \*

><p>"Love can kiss me hard on the ass!" Heisuke placed his glass of black beer grumpily back onto the bar's table.<p>

"Todo  san, I'm afraid that you will have to pay an extra charge for damaging my counter." Kazama attempted to intimidate his customer.

"Don't worry, Kazama. It's just a tiny little scratch." Heisuke winked.

"I have to agree with you, Heisuke. That pathetic guy said that torturing Akesato is to prove how he loves her. That is nonsense!" Shinpachi let out a heavy sigh.

"This world is rotting and it's all because of love!" Heisuke groaned.

"Todo  san, please keep in mind that not all men would torture the woman they love." Kazama claimed as he wiped clean the wine glass he was holding.

"Are you telling me that you have a girlfriend and you treat her like a princess?" Heisuke showed his trademark mischievous smile.

"It's none of your business." The bartender summarized.

"Sorry, fellows, I have to go now. Please enjoy the rest of your drink." Okita placed some amount of money on the counter before he stood up and fixed his black and grey stripes yukata.

"Are you going to a date, boss?" Shinpachi smiled wickedly.

"I don't believe that any normal girl dares to date a guardian from hell." Okita answered briefly before he left the establishment.

\* \* \*

><p>The road was filled with an enormous number of people who were heading for the famous Gion festival. Okita explored the surrounding area and smiled when he found a girl in pink kimono near the Bridge of Kamogawa River.<p>

"Chizuru  chan." He called her.



"Okita san, I'm glad you come." She welcomed him with a glee.

"Why are you still wearing that ragged \_yukata\_?" He gave an irritated look at her clothes.

"Shopping sucks at Gion." She handed him a small pouch that contains five plates of gold and looked away.

"Are you trying to tell me that the shops didn't give you a proper service?" He tilted her chin up with his right hand. She averted her gaze away from him but it was no use. He noticed the trace of tears on both of her cheeks and her nose was slightly rosy, he let out a heavy sigh before he took her hand.

"The shop owners in Gion only care about serving the bourgeois. Let's take a look at those in Shijo Kawaramachi." He smiled at her. Chizuru blushed when he took a hold of her hand, silence filled the atmosphere as the couple walked among the crowds.

"Okitaâ€"san?" She called him.

"Hmm?"

"You are taller than the average. Is your father as tall as you?" Chizuru wanted to slap herself from asking such a stupid question just to break the ice between them.

"I don't think I'm tall. I think it is because you are shorter than average." He rejoined, she gave him an irritated look.

"I was just joking." He chuckled. To be honest she hated to admit it, but she didn't think she'd ever be able to stay angry at him. After walking for a short while, they arrived at a luxurious kimono shop.

"How may I help you, Sir?" The middle aged woman who was the shop's owner greeted them. Some female customers drooled after they took a glance at Okita.

"Look at him. He is so hot."

"I wonder who that ill-mannered girl is? She looks like a beggar." Chizuru bit her lip hard in attempt to ignore the harsh words of those female costumers. Honestly, if she wasn't with Okita she would definitely have slapped those heartless females hard on their cheeks.

"I would like you to provide my friend, here, with your best kimono." Okita requested.

"Sure, please follow me, young lady." The shop owner smiled at Chizuru. She nodded then followed the elder woman to the corner of the shop.

"I'm certain enough that this kimono and wooden sandals suits her best." The shop owner opened the curtain of the changing room after several minutes. Chizuru walked out from the changing room and stood in front of Okita. She kept staring at the floor since she did not have the courage to look at him in the eye. Okita froze in amazement.

He had to admit that she really looked beautiful in ocean blue kimono with cherry blossom pattern. He could hear the gasps from those girls who sneered at her when they entered the shop.

"I'll take them, please throw away her old one." He concluded as he handed the shop owner five plates of gold which he got back from Chizuru.

"Thank you, Sir." The shop owner bowed politely.

\* \* \*

><p>"Chizuru"chan, are you sure that we're heading the right way?" Okita asked, as he threw the stick of <em>dango<em> (rice dumplings) to the nearest trashcan.

"Sure, I was informed that the fried noodle stall is right beside the hair accessories stall." Chizuru replied as she examined her surroundings. Her gaze was locked upon some colorful hair ornaments, but she gave up when she found out the price. She was about to leave the place when all of sudden Okita took a comb-shaped red colored hair ornament and gave one plate of gold to the seller.

"Thank you, Sir. I'm sure that it will fit her perfectly." The old man bowed politely. Okita placed the hair ornament on Chizuru's head and gently removed her bangs to take a better look at her face, she felt as if both of her cheeks were roasted.

"Just perfect." He claimed with a smile of satisfaction.

"Thank you." She muttered shyly.

"We better hurry, the fireworks are about to be launched."

"But, the fried noodles" Chizuru protested.

"Fried noodles can wait. Let's go!" She had no other choice but to surrender to his will when he grabbed her hand. After wandering for a while they managed to find a comfortable place beneath a huge pine tree.

"Have a seat." Okita pointed at his lap.

"Excuse me?" Chizuru raised an eyebrow at his words.

"You'll ruin the kimono if you sit on the ground."

"I'll stand up, then."

"I won't allow that." He smirked, poor Chizuru had no choice but to grant his wish. She shyly sat on his lap. He circled her waist with one hand to prevent her from falling.

"Okita san, thank you for giving me a chance to watch fireworks." Chizuru whispered when the night sky was decorated by exceptional lights.

"My pleasure."

"Today's fireworks are the best and I'm not going to tell you the

reason." She pouted.

"Don't worry, I won't force you to tell me." He replied shortly. The couple stared at each other for a moment that seemed like forever. Okita leaned forward and Chizuru shut her eyes when their faces got nearer.

"Hey, Boss! We didn't expect to see you here."

"Shinpachi"san, you shouldn't disturb them!" Familiar voices broke the romantic atmosphere. Chizuru panicked and accidentally let out a slight squeak of embarrassment while Okita gave his harshest death glare to his assistants.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>To Be Continued<strong>

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Author's Note: I'd like to thank Direction of Time for correcting my grammatical mistakes and for giving me very useful advices :D.<strong>\_

#### 4. Gluttony

**\*\*Chapter 4: Gluttony\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"Extra caramel sauce dumplings for the pretty lady." Grinned Okita as he placed a small red colored plate in front of Chizuru.<p>

"Thank you so much!" She beamed cheerfully. Okita smiled at her reaction before he put one sugarplum into his mouth.

"The shop owner really is a nice man, isn't he?" Chizuru muttered as she slowly chewed one of the dumplings.

"Yeah, that's why we should be careful not to eat too much here since the owner loves to give some extra dumplings for free to his loyal customers." Okita took his teacup and drank the contents.

"Oh my, I think I'll turn into a sumo wrestler sooner or later if I visit this shop every day!" Chizuru chuckled.

"To be honest, maybe I'm curious about how you look like when you turn into a sumo wrestler." Okita replied.

"Are you serious?" Chizuru asked in a displeased tone.

"Of course, I'm serious"ly joking." He smirked.

"Well, I think I'll turn into a cute sumo wrestler and when I do I won't take a single look at you." She poked her tongue out at him. Okita stretched out his hand trying to reach up to Chizuru's face, she moved out of the way in a playful manner. "I know you're trying to pinch my cheek." She giggled.

"No, I'm not." He declined.

"You were saying exactly the same thing before. I'm afraid I must tell you that I won't fall into the same trap." She pouted.

"Chizuru, stay still." He commanded seriously, she was confused at his sudden request but had no choice than to comply with him. Her heartbeat pace went faster when she felt his right hand touching her cheek.

"You have a caramel smear on your face." Okita showed her his caramel stained thumb.

"I'm sorry; you can use this handkerchief." She was about to hand him a handkerchief she took from her kimono pocket when she saw him licking his thumb. She flushed at his action and wondered why he looked so very seductive in his current state that she just couldn't take her eyes off of him.

\_For heaven's sake! He was just licking the caramel sauce!\_ Chizuru screamed in her heart.

"Is there something wrong with my face?" Okita questioned as he gave her a quizzical look.

"N-No, not at all!" She answered hastily before she drank her tea.

"Excuse me." Chizuru nearly jumped from her seat at the sudden greetings, she turned to her left and found a slant eye girl with medium length black hair wearing a pink silk kimono. Somehow, the girl looked familiar to her.

"Do you remember me, Chizuru-chan?" The girl asked in a friendly tone, Chizuru paused for a while but finally realized who the girl was when she saw a mole on the girl's chin.

"Haru-chan!" Chizuru rose to her feet and gave Haru a big hug.

"I'm so glad that we could meet each other again, Chizuru." Haru replied happily.

"Oh! Please forgive my rudeness, Okita-san. This is Tani Haru, she worked at the same place with me two years ago, before she got married. Haru-chan, this is Okita-san." Chizuru explained.

"Nice to meet you, Okita san." Haru bowed politely to Okita.

"Pleased to meet you too, Tani-san." Okita replied in a friendly tone.

"So, how's Tani Seisaburo-san? I remember that he likes to eat yummy food and often gave me information of famous restaurant around Kyoto." Chizuru poured some green tea into a teacup and handed it to Haru but she rejected it.

"My husband is doing fine. Anyway Chizuru, I really wanted to chat

with you but unfortunately I need to get back home since soon, it'll be dinner time. So, please excuse me." Haru apologized.

"It's alright. I'm still working at Warabiya brothel, so please stop by when you have time." Chizuru smiled.

"Sure. I'll see you around then." Haru replied merrily as she bid her friend farewell.

\* \* \*

><p>"I'm home." Haru said when she arrived at her house.<p>

"There you are, Haru. Bring me some more noodles." Seisaburo commanded.

"But, you already ate two bowls of noodles when I went for shopping." Haru protested as she pointed at the empty bowls on the dining table.

"Hey, look who's talking now! If it wasn't because of my kindness you would have stayed in that ragged brothel for the rest of your life. Now, bring me more noodles before I lose my patience!" Seisaburo snarled angrily.

Haru took the empty bowl and rushed her way to the kitchen to fill it with noodles then went back to the dining room. She placed the bowl in front of her husband who immediately ate the contents with his chopsticks.

"Handmade soba noodles from Inoue noodle shop is really the best. Don't you think so, Haru?" Seisaburo complimented as a satisfied appeared on his face.

"I agree with you, Seisaburo-san." Haru replied as she put one hand inside her kimono pocket and squeezed the contents in anger.

Seisaburo finished his meal in less than five minutes and slowly rose to his feet. He rubbed his bulging tummy, he was six feet tall which is above the average height in that era. His bulging tummy is as big as a nine months pregnant woman and his face was full of acne. A smile of satisfaction appeared on his face when his eyes caught the neatly folded futon nearby. He took it with his fat hands and walked slowly to the bedroom.

"Seisaburo-san, don't you want to take a shower?" Haru advised.

"I'm not in the mood for that. Shower can wait until next morning." Seisaburo replied with a sleepy voice and set the futon on the floor promptly before he fell asleep on it.

Haru let out a heavy sigh and glanced at the wall clock. It showed a quarter to ten. She pulled out the slightly crumpled paper from her kimono pocket and glanced at it. She knew that it is not yet midnight but she couldn't resist staying at home so, she grabbed her wooden sandals and rushed away with a specific destination in mind. After a time, the houses and streets began to fall away, and almost all traces of human civilization were left behind, Haru finally arrived at her destination. She saw an old mailbox and a ragged dojo nearby;

without hesitation she slotted the letter she brought into the mailbox and waited.

"I've come to settle your grudge." Said a voice from the darkness.

Haru turned around and gasped in horror when she saw a man in black kimono behind her. His brown shoulder length hair was loosened.

"You don't have to be scared, missy. Our boss won't eat you." A guy with spiky hair who stood behind the long haired man laughed cynically.

"Heisuke, hand me the voodoo doll." Okita ordered.

"Here you go, boss." Heisuke responded cheerfully as he handed his commander the requested thing.

"If you really want to settle your grudge, just pull off the red string. At that time our contract will be established and you'll have to pay for the reward, which is to have your soul being sent to hell after you die." Okita explained as he offered his costumer the voodoo doll. Haru bit her lips before she decided to take the thing, her hand was trembling in fear.

"You only have one chance and you're the one who decides." Okita continued.

"By the way, have we met before? You look familiar to me." Haru asked curiously as she stared at the young man in front of her.

"I don't think so." Okita answered firmly.

"I'm sorry; I think I mistook you for someone else." Haru apologized.

"It's fine." Okita replied promptly. Haru took a deep breath and closed her eyes. After some minutes, which seemed like forever, she slowly pulled the red string.

"Request confirmed." Okita announced before he vanished from her sight together with his assistants.

Meanwhile, Seisaburo who was sleeping woke up when his nose caught a nice smell from somewhere. He opened his eyes and started to look around. He realized that he was not in his bedroom anymore. He was outside and when he looked up he found the starry night sky above him. He scratched his head confusedly after he noticed that he was not familiar with the place. Seisaburo slowly walked toward a small hut nearby and opened the entrance door.

"Please have a seat, Sir." A seventeen years old looking boy with dark brown hair, dressed in a tuxedo, greeted him amiably as he pulled out one chair.

"Thanks." Seisaburo sat lazily on the chair.

"Heisuke! Take these dishes with you immediately! I need more space to cook." Shinpachi who was wearing a chef's uniform and huge white hat yelled from the kitchen.

"I'm coming, Shinpachi-san!" Heisuke replied quickly and ran toward the kitchen to get the dishes.

"Today's appetizer is jumbo plate size Caesar salad and octopus sashimi." Heisuke announced as he placed two jumbo plates in front of Seisaburo.

Without thinking twice, Seisaburo immediately took the nearby fork and began to eat. He hadn't even finished his meal yet when Heisuke placed another huge bowl of fried noodles on the table and said, "Here comes today's main dish. Osaka style fried noodles!"

Seisaburo shot an irritated look at Heisuke as he complained, "I think it's against good manners to place new dishes when the guest is still eating the first one. What kind of restaurant is this? I want to speak with your manager!"

Heisuke laughed cunningly before he announced, "Welcome to the Hell Restaurant, Tani Seisaburo. A place that will satisfy your thirst and hunger before you taste the flavor of eternal sufferings."

"Hell Restaurant?" Seisaburo repeated.

"You were brought here by our warp hole because someone has a grudge on you." Shinpachi smirked as he walked out of the kitchen and placed his white color hat on the nearest empty dining table.

"I didn't do anything wrong! Hell is definitely not a place for me!" Seisaburo screamed in panic.

"For your information, Tani-san; gluttony is one of the seven deadly sins and I don't think anyone could bear staying beside a man who does nothing but eating like a pig every day." Heisuke explained before placing the tray he had been holding back to its former place.

"Now, I'm convinced that Haru was the one who sent me here. What an ungrateful girl she is! I was the one who saved her from that brothel and I thought she loved me, too!" Seisaburo cursed loudly.

"That was a long time ago before you turned into a hideous pig-like beast." Heisuke gave a look of disgust at the elder man in front of him.

"I have no time to listen to your bullshit. I'll just eat the dishes and go back home." Seisaburo claimed. He took the cover of the main dish and screamed in panic when he realized that the noodles have turned into pink colored worms.

"Somebody! Help me!" He cried out loud.

"It's too late, mate." Heisuke grinned as he placed a chair to block the exit door. A man with white hair and crimson red eyes who wore a black kimono walked out of the kitchen. Seisaburo gasped in panic before he fell on his butt to the floor.

"Demon! Don't you dare to come any closer!" Seisaburo screamed desperately while trying his best to move backward. He winced in pain when his back hit the chair Heisuke placed in front of the exit

door.

"Pitiful shadow lost in the darkness, bringing torment and pain to others. A damned soul wallowing in its own sin, you should see what death is like once." Okita said with a loud voice as he held one hand in the air, a huge black hole appeared at the center of Seisaburo's dining table.

"Haru!" Seisaburo's desperate cry echoed in the room before the black hole absorbed him completely out of sight.

\* \* \*

><p>"I'll see you around, boss. Please say hi from me to that cute girlfriend of yours." Heisuke said with a glee when they arrived back to the living world through the warp hole.<p>

"For your information, she's not my girlfriend." Okita replied coldly.

"Do you mean not 'yet' your girlfriend, Boss?" Heisuke smirked.

"Watch your tongue, Heisuke. I'll see you later at the dojo, Boss." Shinpachi bid his commander farewell before he moved forward and pinched his junior comrade on the ear.

"Ouch! Let go of my ear, Shinpachi-san!" Heisuke protested.

Okita let out a big sigh before he walked in the direction of the Shimabara. Suddenly, it started to rain so Okita hastily bought an umbrella at the nearby shop and rushed his way to Chizuru's place.

"Chizuru is out for shopping." Chizuru's brothel owner said when Okita arrived.

"Thanks for your information, Yamazaki-san." Okita bowed politely before he ran to the opposite direction.

In the meantime, Chizuru lifted her wooden sword in the air.

"Yah!" She shouted with a high pitched voice as she swung her sword downward with full force. The rain had got so heavy that she could barely see anything.

"How did you get that wooden sword?" Chizuru tilted her head to her right and found Okita staring straight at her.

"I bought it at a flea market." She answered promptly.

"Are you aware that, the practice of sword techniques should be conducted inside a dojo not outside during a bad weather like this?" From his speaking tone, she could tell that Okita wasn't pleased to see her current state.

"I don't know any dojo around here and I can't practice inside my room." Chizuru made her excuse.

"Why didn't you ask me first? I could introduce a dojo to you." Okita



said sternly.

"Well, I didn't want to trouble you." She answered warily. Okita let out a heavy sigh. He took her hand and pulled her body closer so they were now under the same umbrella.

"O-Okita-san!" She muttered nervously.

"Let's go inside that hut and wait until the rain stops." Okita suggested as he guided her toward a small hut which was located several meters away from where they stood. Okita knocked at the front door and waited for some minutes. Since there was no answer, he decided to open the door.

"It looks like nobody's living here." Chizuru concluded when she found some cooking utensils covered in dust.

Okita took a small towel from his kimono pocket before he took off the outer layer of his kimono and handed it to Chizuru. "Get changed before you catch a cold." He said.

"Thanks." Chizuru smiled as she took the kimono.

Okita turned his back to Chizuru to give her some privacy to get changed. Chizuru gently loosened her obi and took off her kimono. She squeezed it and was surprised to find the amount of water her kimono has absorbed. She used the towel he gave her to dry her body and hastily slipped his kimono over her shoulders.

"I'm done." She reported after she re-tied her obi. Okita turned around then cleaned the old tatami floor before he sat on it.

"Come here." He commanded with a gentle voice. Chizuru nodded then sat beside him. "What happened?" He asked. "I was on my way to the nearest tea shop when I saw a six years old boy being slaughtered by an unknown swordsman just because the boy accidentally spilled his drink." She said with a trembling voice.

"Okita-san, would you be my teacher of sword techniques?" She requested skittishly.

"No."

"Why not?" She pouted as she gave him a look of disbelief.

"A Sword technique is a technique of taking someone's life and I don't think you are strong enough to bear the fact." Okita explained severely.

"Well, for your information I'm not that weak. I want to be stronger so I can't protect myself and those who need my help. If I was strong enough the poor boy wouldn't have died by the hands of that filthy man!" Chizuru responded stubbornly.

"It is the boy's destiny that he died that way and there's nothing you can do to change it. Furthermore, I don't think that you need self-protection." He replied calmly.

"Oh really? Give me the reason then!" She demanded in an aggravated tone.

"Because, I'm not going to let anyone hurt you." He replied assuredly.

She was lost for words when she heard his answer and flushed. Okita averted her gaze from her then stared uncertainly at the window as he recalled the words he just said. To be honest, he couldn't believe that he managed to say such things since he wasn't a romantic person. He wasn't sure enough about the special feeling he has for her since he was lack of experience. Speaking the truth, Okita thought that Heisuke has hit a bit close to home when he was teasing him about Chizuru being his girlfriend. He must admit that he was scared when a thought of her being someone else's woman crossed his mind.

"Chizuru, would you beâ€¦" He had not even finished his word yet when he felt something weighed his shoulder. He turned to his left and found Chizuru slept soundly. She was using his shoulder as a pillow. Okita smiled before he gently caressed her hair then placed a light kiss on her forehead.

**\*\*To Be Continued\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><em><strong>Author's Note: Maybe all of you have noticed that I'm using the seven deadly sins as the theme (^-^). I'd like to thank everyone who wrote reviews for this fic (^o^). Also, I would like to give a huge thanks to my Beta Reader, Direction Of Time who helped me a lot in correcting my grammatical mistakes. If you find any other grammatical mistakes here, all of them belong to me since I made some changes during the editing process.<strong>\_

## 5. Sloth

**\*\*Chapter 5: Sloth\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>"I love spring!" Chizuru exclaimed cheerfully as she admired the beauty of the cherry trees in bloom in front of her.<p>

"You mistook sugar for salt when you helped me cooking last time and I heard you humming love songs when you took a bath. I assume that you are deeply in love with someone, Chizuru-chan." Yamazaki Yuu, the wife of the brothel owner smirked.

"Well, I apologize that I mistook sugar for salt but I don't think that I'm in love. I'm not willing to spend my precious time dealing with such emotion." Chizuru hastily declined and started to focus on hanging the laundry.

"My dear, love is not something you deal with. It's something you fall into." Yuu explained amiably as she took the empty laundry basket from the ground.

"How do I know that I have fallen in love?" Chizuru asked curiously.

"You've the look in your eyes. I've known you for many years, Chizuru-chan. But, I've never seen that kind of look in your eyes."

"What kind of look? Do I have heart marks in both of my eyes?" Chizuru raised an eyebrow. Yuu chuckled at Chizuru's reaction.

"You are in love when someone of the opposite sex is occupying your mind every day and you can't get rid of him no matter how hard you try." Chizuru paused for a while and felt her cheeks heated when a thought of Okita crossed her mind.

"How do I know if he is the right one for me?" Chizuru pouted shyly.

"You will know when you kiss him on the lips."

"Are you telling me to kiss Okita san?!" Chizuru's eyes widened in panic.

"So, Okita san is the one who occupies your mind, isn't he?" Chizuru gasped and felt embarrassed at her own statement. "You should be honest to your own feeling, Chizuru-chan." "But what if he doesn't have any special feeling for me?" Chizuru bit her lip anxiously.

"You'll never know if you don't give it a try." Yuu patted Chizuru on the shoulder before she entered the house.

\* \* \*

><p>"I so love spring!" Shinpachi stretched his hands after opening the shoji door widely.<p>

"I hate spring and I wish that spring never exist in this world!" Heisuke grunted as he wiped his runny nose.

"Oh! I totally forgot that poor Heisuke is suffering from hay fever." Shinpachi patted his junior comrade on the head.

"Who's our target for today, Boss?" Heisuke asked curiously after tossing the used handkerchief to the small bucket beside him.

"A housewife who doesn't conducts house chores at all." Okita replied briefly as he folded the paper he just read and put it inside his kimono pocket.

"I'm pretty sure that her husband is the one who sent the letter to us. Do you want to bet, mate?" Shinpachi placed a plate of \_sakura mochi \_ (cherry flavored sweet rice cake) in front of Heisuke.

"Well, I think that it's her son or daughter." Heisuke announced confidently.

"Would you give us the answer, Boss?" Shinpachi requested impatiently.

"It's her husband." Okita answered promptly.

"I win!" Shinpachi happily took the plate of \_sakura mochi\_ and ate

all the contents in an instant.

"Shinpachi san, at least give me a half of it." Heisuke claimed. Shinpachi took a very small piece of the rice cake and handed it to Heisuke.

"What a stingy old geezer." Heisuke quenched in a low voice before he put it inside his mouth.

"Did you say something, Heisuke?" Shinpachi showed his deathliest glare.

"Nothing." Heisuke denied immediately.

"Let's get going before it starts to rain." Okita uttered when he noticed the dark clouds on the sky.

"Would you be kind to let me finish my meal, Boss? I haven't eaten anything since morning." Heisuke demanded as he took a bowl from the cupboard beside him.

Okita let out a heavy sigh. "Make it quick." He said impatiently before he sat on the tatami mat and started playing with his paper fan.

"By the way, I have noticed some changes in your attitude recently, Boss." Shinpachi said as he sat beside Okita.

"Oh really?" Okita responded obliviously.

"I've been working with you for so many years and I'm quite sure that you're not a person who often smiles." Shinpachi continued.

"Well, you know me too well, Shinpachi." Okita laughed sarcastically.

"You have changed a lot, Boss. I can tell it from the expression on your face every time you come back from that brothel." Okita fell in silence at the statement.

"You love her, don't you?" Shinpachi smirked at his commander.

"I have no idea about that and even if I do, I don't think that she wants to be a girlfriend of someone whose job is to send human souls to the deepest hell." Okita folded his paper fan furiously and put it inside his kimono pocket.

"Even a murderer like that Serizawa guy has the right to love and to be loved. You're just running away from the fact, Boss."

"What do you expect me to do then? Telling Chizuru that I'm an angel of death?!" Okita shot Shinpachi a look of distress.

"You are the one who decides. My opinion is that you should tell her the truth before she found out the real you by herself and scold you like crazy since you were keeping it as a secret." Shinpachi stood up then took his sword from the sword holder near the exit door.

"I and Shinpachi san will be waiting outside, Boss." Heisuke who finally finished his meal said calmly before he followed

Shinpachi.

Okita stood up and stared at his own reflection on the full body mirror. He was wearing a black kimono with red belt. A huge dragon pattern painted in red decorated the lower part of the kimono. He shut his eyes and took a deep breath. Somehow, he noticed that he had a special feeling toward Chizuru from the first time he met her. Unfortunately, love was too unfamiliar for him that he didn't know how to deal with it properly.

\_I will tell her when the time comes, \_he thought before he grabbed his sword and headed to the exit door.

\* \* \*

><p>A woman in her mid-forties yawned. She rose from her futon then headed straight to the kitchen where she opened the small cupboard and took a plate of strawberry <em>mochi <em>(rice cake).

"If you have enough time to eat snacks, you should be doing the house chores," A tenor voice echoed. The woman turned around in fear but found no one was around. She slowly placed the plate on the nearest table before walking toward the living room.

"For your information, sloth is also one of the deadly sins." Another voice echoed followed by a cynical laughing voice. She turned to her right and stunned when she realized that she was not in her house anymore. She was standing in the middle of an enormously spacious living room.

"Heisuke, you haven't mopped this area yet!" Shinpachi placed a hand on his waist while his other one pointing persistently at the West corner of the living room.

"Be patient, Shinpachi san. I only have two hands and two legs!" Heisuke complained while shedding the sweat on his forehead with one hand. He placed both hands on the piece of cloth and started to mop the floor.

"You're getting in my way, woman." Heisuke said in a displeased tone.

"Who the heck are you and where am I?" The woman asked roughly.

"I'm honored to welcome you at the Hell Inn, a place where you can learn how to clean up properly." Shinpachi explained concisely.

"Clean up? Don't make me laugh. I'm a housewife so I know how to clean up since I'm doing house chores every day." She gave Shinpachi a look of disbelief.

"Really? If so, I wonder why your husband asked us to send you to hell since you are too lazy to do the house chores." Heisuke showed a spiteful smile.

"I'm busy taking care of the kids and I do make proper dinner every single day." The woman fought back.

"You entrusted your kids to your parents from morning until noon and

spend your time chatting with your friends at the tea house. Furthermore, if you think that boiled eggs are proper dish then you really have a brain problem." Shinpachi replied rudely.

"Nakamura Kayoko, you will be sent to hell by the request of your own husband." Okita lifted up his right hand. With a large whirling sound, a huge dimension hole appeared beside him.

"Unlike his first wife, I gave birth to two kids and one of them is a boy. I'm quite confident that I'm a good house wife so there's no way that my husband would request you to send me to hell." Nakamura protested.

"What an impudent woman." Heisuke let out a heavy sigh.

"Pitiful shadow lost in the darkness, bringing torment and pain to others. A damned soul wallowing in its own sin, you should see what death is like once." Okita declared.

"What the heck you think you're doing? Stop it right away!" Nakamura yelled. She was answered by a wet, dirty and stinky cloth thrown right at her face.

"Don't you dare to yell at our Boss!" Heisuke demanded in anguish. Nakamura was about to fight back but, the dimension hole grew bigger and absorbed her into eternal darkness.

\* \* \*

><p>"Man! I really don't understand housewives!" Heisuke let out a heavy breath as he threw the empty <em>takoyaki<em> (fried octopus balls) paper plate to the nearest trashcan.

"What I know is a good housewife does house chores every day and take care of the kids while managing the household budgets." Shinpachi added as he leaned toward the bench. Okita was about to give his opinion when his eyes caught a familiar figure standing not so far away from him.

"Chizuru-chan." He called her.

"You should tell us earlier that you have a date today, Boss." Shinpachi grinned as he elbowed Okita in the ribs.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, Okita-san. I have err...something to discuss with you." Chizuru muttered shyly.

"I see. Let's go to the nearest private tea house then." Okita replied promptly as he gave her his charming smile. Chizuru nodded and followed Okita to the newly opened tea house located not so far away from where they met.

Okita placed his teacup on the table and stretched his hand to get some sugarplums from the bowl.

"Okita-san." She called his name in a small voice.

"Hmm?"

"I know it may sound stupid but, someone has been occupying my mind

night and day recently." Chizuru uttered, she was averting her gaze from him.

Okita stopped for a while before he ate some sugarplums. "So, who's the lucky guy?" Okita asked shortly. Honestly, he felt some sort of jealousy in his heart and he was sure enough that he would definitely punch the guy on the face in case Chizuru ended up with a broken heart. Chizuru swallowed the lump in her throat as she played with her empty teacup skittishly.

"Well, I'm not gonna force you to tell me." Okita concluded as he took some more sugarplums and munched them.

"It's you." Okita doubted his ears and turned his gaze to the girl in front of him. Chizuru was blushing madly and from the look in her eyes he could tell that she wasn't telling any joke. He lost his words since he didn't expect her to confess her love first. Honestly, he was amazed by her bravery and somehow he felt stupid from bothering too much about getting rejected by her.

"Okita-san, I think I'm inâ€¦.. hmmmph!" Chizuru was about to finish her words when all of sudden her lips were locked by his in a quick peck. Okita knew that he shouldn't stop her but somehow deep inside his heart he demanded his right to act as true gentlemen by expressing his true feeling. He couldn't deny that it was very selfish of him. After all love is selfish itself and there's no doubt that everyone knows it.

"Chizuru, I'm in love with you and I want you to be my girlfriend." He said seriously. She froze at his confession for a moment but soon nodded shyly and smiled at him cheerfully.

"Okita-sanâ€¦!"

"Call me Souji." He demanded.

"Souji-san." He smiled at her before he crushed his lips on hers in a more passionate kiss. He parted her lips with his tongue and drew her body closer to deepen the kiss. She felt as if both of her feet have turned into jelly at his expression of love. She closed her eyes and encircled his neck with both hands, not wanting to be apart from him. Tears of joy fell down her cheeks as she rejoiced the feeling of being loved in return. For the first time in her life Chizuru was kissing the guy she had fallen in love with.

\*\*To Be Continued\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Author's Note: Sorry for taking too long for updating :(. I've been busy with my new job and I finally had free time to work on this chap last week. I hope you enjoy this one and I'll work my best to update the next chapter soon :). I also would like to thank the people who wrote reviews for this fic and I apologize for not being able to give a reply to all of them. Critics, comments, suggestions, anything are all welcomed with a warm heart :D. I'd like to give special thanks to Direction of Time who helped me in fixing my grammatical mistakes and arranging the story ;) <em>\*\*

## 6. Lust

### \*\*Chapter 6: Lust\*\*

"Heisuke, give me a hand. I don't think I can handle this anymore!" Shinpachi, who was shoveling snow on the rooftop of Shieikan Dojo, yelled out to his teammate.

"I can't! Do you not see that I'm doing the same thing here?" Heisuke replied plainly as he shoveled out a full bucket of snow that was blocking the entrance door.

"I'll give you two extra octopus balls for snack later, if you help me." Shinpachi insisted while carefully climbing down from with a wooden ladder then walked closer to Heisuke.

"That isn't enough. At least, make it five." Heisuke requested with his eyes still focused on his shovel.

"How about three?" Shinpachi cautiously took a handful of snow while his lips formed a big and ugly evil grin.

Heisuke let out a heavy sigh as he was disturbed at how persistent his senior comrade was. "Shinpachi-san, I told you that...mmmpphhhh!" The youngest member of the hell guardians had not even finished his words when a huge snowball hit him right in the centre of his face.

"Gottcha!" Shinpachi said wickedly before he laughed like a lunatic.

"Why youâ€¦!" Heisuke gritted his teeth as he began to make a snowball that was twice the size of the one he had been hit with. He threw the snowball with full force but his sneaky opponent managed to duck at the last minute and the clump of snow went sailing over his head straight towards Okita, who was sitting on the ground nearby fixing one of his sandals.

"Boss!" Shinpachi screamed in panic, Okita turned around then slapped the snowball with his sandal in a blur movement. Both Shinpachi and Heisuke let out a relief sigh after they saw the snowball fell to the ground but soon they bit their lips anxiously when they caught the sight of Okita rising to his feet and marching toward them as he gave them his scariest death glare.

"H-Heisuke did it!" Shinpachi pointed at his junior comrade. He was slightly trembling in fear.

"Shinpachi-san was the one who started the fight." Heisuke defended before he hid himself behind Shinpachi, fully aware that his boss was peeved.

"I don't think they're the appropriate words to say after causing such a trouble." Okita replied coldly. Shinpachi and Heisuke stared at each other before they bowed politely and said in chorus,

"We're so sorry, Boss."

"Get ready for today's mission before I lose my patience." Okita commanded as he roughly thrust Shinpachi a letter.



"So, what do we have for today?" Heisuke asked.

"Let me see, a playboy who can't stop visiting the red-light district though he's married." Shinpachi reported after he read the letter carefully.

"So, I assume that the target loves to spend lustful nights with different woman every day." Heisuke chuckled.

"What a prat!" Shinpachi snorted as he folded back the letter and put it inside his kimono pocket.

\* \* \*

><p>"I'll be waiting for you tomorrow, Tani-san." A geisha dressed in wine red kimono with sun flower pattern said flirtatiously.<p>

"See you tomorrow, my lovely Himawari-chan." He waved the geisha goodbye as he swiftly disappeared out of the door. Tani scratched his head, confused, at the sight in front of him. He was supposed to be outside the brothel, but in fact, he was standing in a corridor, which, as he followed it, led to a huge room. He could hear someone singing an old folk song along with the sound of \_shamisen \_(traditional guitar). Silently, he cracked open the entrance door.

"Welcome to our brothel, dearest customer!" Shinpachi, who was dressed in a white striped, dark blue kimono welcomed his customer with glee.

"But, I don't have a reservation." Tani said skittishly.

"You don't need any reservation, Sir. Our best geisha is ready to serve you so, please have a seat." Shinpachi explained amiably. Tani sat at the center of the room in front of a geisha who was dressed in black kimono with camellia patterning and a huge golden \_obi \_(kimono belt) was tied neatly at the front part of her kimono. The other four geishas who sat in a row at the corner of the room welcomed Tani with warm smiles.

"My name is Tsubaki. It's a great pleasure to be able to serve you, dearest customer." The geisha bowed politely.

"I'm Tani Saburo. I'm ready to receive your service." He said, a lascivious smile appeared on his face and his eyes were filled with lust. Heisuke who was playing the \_samisen \_shot a look of churn up at the skinny man.

"Heisuke, mind your manners." Shinpachi whispered. Heisuke nodded before he started to play a new song. Four geishas who sat at the corner sang a famous old folk song called \_Fuji Musume \_(Wisteria Maiden). Tsubaki stood up, took a golden paper fan from the front pocket of her kimono then began to dance gracefully along with the music. Every movement she made was elegant and she was brilliant not only in miming the joy of a girl in love but also the heartbreak of jealousy and betrayal. Tani Saburo gave a loud applause when the song ended before he moved forward and took Tsubaki's right hand.

"Let's start our night of fire." Tani said in a lustful tone after he

kissed her palm.

"Not so fast!" Shinpachi claimed before he pulled the right arm of his customer. Tani had no choice but to let go of Tsubaki's hand.

"What do you think you're doing?!" Tani snapped at his attacker.

"Tani Saburo, we have come to take your soul to hell by the request of your wife." Heisuke announced as he rose to his feet.

"What?!" Tani raised an eyebrow at the announcement.

"You are guilty of conducting inappropriate behaviors every night at the red-light district." Heisuke continued.

"So, you're the hell guardians. I've heard nasty rumors about all of you that you won't ever let your target flee." Tani snorted.

"You know us too well and we're flattered for that." Shinpachi smirked.

"Well, I'm going to take this girl together with me then since I need someone to comfort me every night when I'm in hell." Tani laughed cynically as he placed his hands on Tsubaki's shoulders. Tsubaki silently turned around to face her customer; her left hand covered her face with a white towel she took from a storage nearby while her right hand removed the wig she wore. Tani gasped when he saw the shoulder length white hair from beneath the wig. Then with an exquisite move the geisha threw the white towel away revealing her true form. Tani screamed in horror when he saw a young man with blood red eyes staring back at him.

"Monster." He muttered tensely as he trembled in fear.

"How dare you insult our boss!" Shinpachi yelled angrily.

"Never mind about that, Shinpachi." Okita said calmly.

"Perhaps you want to tell us your motive for conducting such behaviors." Heisuke added.

"I do it for fun and as long as I have money I think I have the right to sleep with those geishas." Tani replied.

"Fun?" Okita repeated with an irritated tone.

"Oh yes, it's nice to hear their painful scream every time I force them to serve me from different positions." The flat nose guy continued.

"You filthy creature!" Shinpachi raged.

"Let me tell you an interesting story before you take me to hell. Once upon a time, I went to a brothel called \_sumiya \_and met a certain geisha there. She was playing hard on me when I invite her for one night stand. Since I was really desperate to hear painful scream from her lovely mouth, I ended up hitting her with the sheath of my sword. I forgot what her name was but I think it sounded

something like Chisato or Chizuru orâ€| " Tani was about to continue his talk when Okita punched him hard on the face.

"Ouch! What theâ€|" He protested and fought back but, Okita was too quick for him. A powerful kick landed on Tani's stomach causing him to hit the wall behind with a large thud. He coughed continuously and was trying to get up when Okita caught the hem of his kimono and granted him another powerful punch on his face.

"Boss, you might kill him if you don't stop." Shinpachi advised he carefully grabbed both of his commander's arms. Okita gritted his teeth in anguish, his breath came faster. Heisuke stood in front of Tani then put his hand together before he mumbled a mantra. Tani screamed in panic when he saw unfamiliar pimples appeared here, there and everywhere on his bare skin.

"That's for all the geisha you've beaten up in the past." Heisuke claimed hatefully.

"People call it pox, a popular disease from the red-light district." Shinpachi smirked.

Okita shook off Shinpachi's hands before he rose his right hand up in the air and said in a loud voice, "Pitiful shadow lost in the darkness, bringing torment and pain to others. A damned soul wallowing in its own sin, you should see what death is like once." A large black hole appeared then absorbed Tani who was howling in pain in an instant.

\* \* \*

><p>"I forgot that today is Christmas!" Heisuke wailed.<p>

"What the hell is Christmas? Do you know what it is, Boss?" Shinpachi asked dumbly after he took a bite of his grilled squid.

"No idea." Okita answered briefly while he threw the empty package of sugarplums to the nearest trash box.

"It's a Western holiday and also known as a day to share love." Heisuke explained excitedly. He smirked evilly before he placed the plate of his fried noodle on the table then started to mimic a lovesick girl by batting his eyelashes and clasped his hands together on his chest. "Souji-sama, I'm all yours body and soul." He exclaimed to Shinpachi.

Okita shot a look a disgust at Heisuke's high pitched voice and the way he batted his eyelashes.

"Oh Chizuru, I'm honored to be granted the opportunity of stealing a kiss from your luscious lips." Shinpachi replied in an exaggerated accent as he showed a mock-adoringly look. The poor hell guardians were paid by having a painful hit of snowball on their faces from their grumpy commander.

"Merry Christmas, Boss!" Heisuke waved his hand.

"Don't forget our Christmas presents!" Shinpachi added.

Okita ignored the disturbing voices as he made his way to Chizuru's

place. He recalled the memory of what had happened today. If Shinpachi did not stop him, he would have killed Tani Saburo with no mercy. He wasn't an emotional person but, he found out that he was powerless to stop himself from bursting in anger when Tani said that he was the one who tortured Chizuru.

"Souji-san." A familiar cheerful voice called him. He turned to his right and smiled when he found a girl in pink kimono smiling at him.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Chizuru. Let's get going." Okita held her right hand.

"No problem." She replied happily. They were about to enter a restaurant when a blonde middle age guy blocked their way.

"I'm sorry for the sudden interruption. I was wondering if the two of you will be kind to be models for my photo studio." The guy requested politely in a fluent Japanese .

"What should we do, Souji-san?" Chizuru turned her gaze to her boyfriend. From the look in her eyes Okita knew that Chizuru was willing to help the blonde guy and that he had no choice but to comply with it.

"\_Don't worry, my friends. I'm offering a free single photo shoot as a promotion." The stranger explained when he saw Okita gave him a look of doubt.

"Where is your studio?" Okita inquired. The blonde man smiled happily before he pointed at a building across the restaurant Okita and Chizuru were about to enter.

"I'm James Connery. You can call me James." He stretched out his right hand to Okita who clumsily shook it after they entered the lobby of the studio.

"I'm Okita Souji and she's Chizuru Yukimura." Okita said.

James smiled at the couple. "I'd like the two of you to get changed into these clothes and please come to that room afterwards." He handed Okita and Chizuru their clothes before he pointed at a huge room located not so far from the entrance door.

\* \* \*

><p>Chizuru closed the changing room door before she walked carefully. She gasped when she stepped on the hemline of her dress and the next thing she knew she was on her knees. Chizuru winced in pain before she swept the dust off her white long dress then rushed her way.<p>

"I'm sorry to keep you waiting." Chizuru apologized when she entered the room. She gasped in surprise when she saw Okita dressed in a black tuxedo with white shirt, a black bow tie and a pair of shiny black leather shoes. The western clothes fit so perfectly on his tall and firm body that she had no doubt he could knock every woman who saw him off their feet only with a wink.

"You look very beautiful, Yukimura san." James praised.

"Thank you." Chizuru replied shyly. Her face turned red when she caught Okita glancing at her with a look of amazement from head to toe.

"Shall we start?" James asked. Okita and Chizuru nodded at his request. The couple sat clumsily side by side on a bench as instructed by their photographer. "Closer, please." Okita timidly moved closer to Chizuru.

"Okay, keep your eyes open and say cheese!" James requested. The couple was too busy keeping their eyes widely open that they forgot to say the requested word.

"Your picture will be ready in less than a week." James told his models as he cleaned up his camera.

"I'll come to take it then." Chizuru replied merrily.

"By the way, you can take those clothes home so you don't have to get change." James said comradely.

"Are you sure? They look so expensive." Okita reasserted awkwardly as he clutched his black jacket.

"It's my Christmas presents for the two of you." The photographer said with a glee.

"Thank you very much." Both Chizuru and Okita said in a chorus.

"My pleasure." James replied as he guided his models to the exit door. Chizuru stopped when her eyes caught the sight of a foreign plant hung at the upper part.

"It's called mistletoe and the tale said that couple who kissed underneath will live happily ever after." James explained as he gently took the mistletoe from the hanger and handed it to Chizuru who blushed like crazy.

\* \* \*

><p>"Yuu san will get angry if we nail this mistletoe on the door." Chizuru said worriedly when Okita was about to get the nailing equipment from downstairs.<p>

"Well, I have another solution." An evil smile appeared at Okita's face and when Chizuru saw it, she had no doubt that he was up to something quite nasty.

"What is it?" Chizuru asked gingerly.

"You hold it while I do the so-called ritual." He smirked as he circled her waist with one hand while his other one tilted her chin up. Chizuru gulped the lump in her throat nervously before she hold up the mistletoe. Okita leaned forward then crushed his lips fully on hers. He pulled off once to change the angle of his head before he started their lips locking again. Chizuru felt as if all parts of her body had turned into jelly that her hand lost the power to hold the mistletoe still. She gasped in panic when she accidentally dropped the mistletoe to the floor. Okita took the chance to slip his tongue

and started to explore the inside of her mouth before he pinned her to the floor.

"Souji-san!" She called his name breathlessly.

"Kisses aren't enough for me. I want more." He demanded in a low voice between his harsh breaths. She was surprised at his desperate request but, she knew that he must have a reason.

"Did something bad happen?" She bespoke daringly as she cupped his right cheek.

"Nothing." He answered her calmly though on the contrast with his tone, he felt a throbbing pain in his heart when he recalled the words said by his target today. He wanted to delete all the traces made by other men in the past from her body and claimed her as his own property that no man but him shall touch.

"Chizuru, would you be mine?" He demanded sternly. She smiled at him as she caressed his bangs lovingly before she nodded to his request. Okita let out a sigh of relief then he placed an open mouthed kiss on her neck.

"These lips," He traced her lips with his thumb before he moved to her left earlobe. "This ear," He licked her earlobe causing her to produce a helpless whimper. "Are all of them mine?" He questioned hopelessly. She glanced at his beautiful green orbs and she noticed that they were filled with lust.

"I'm all yours, Souji-san." She answered confidently. Okita crushed his lips on hers passionately while his free hands started to untie her kimono belt.

\_Censored\_

\*\*To be Continued\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong><em>Author's Note: I'd like to thank all the people who read, favorited and reviewed this fanfic! (^o^). Last but not least, I'd like to thank my Beta Reader: Direction of Time from the bottom of my heart! (^-^). Any grammatical mistakes appeared in this fic all belong to me since I made some changes in the editing process. I'll try my best to update as soon as I can so please be patient, dear readers (^\_-)<em>><strong>

## 7. Greed

\*\*Chapter 7 : Greed\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Chizuru smiled when she finished sewing a dark blue <em>haori<em>. She carefully examined it to make sure that there was no hole in it.

"What are you doing?" Okita asked after he yawned and stretched his

arms.

"I made a new \_haori \_for you and I'm checking for holes and unfinished parts." She answered with her eyes still focused on the piece of cloth, she was turning the material around carefully when she felt his arms circling her waist possessively from behind.

"That's very nice of you, Chizuru." He whispered to her ear hoarsely causing her to shiver.

"S-Souji-sanâ€¦weâ€¦shouldn'tâ€¦" She whimpered when he kissed her neck and sat her on his lap.

"Just fifteen minutes. I promise that I'll make it worth to spend." He said huskily as he nibbled her right earlobe.

"I'mâ€¦. pretty sure thatâ€¦ you have had enough of meâ€¦last night." She replied tensely between her helpless whimpers.

"You know that I can never have enough of you, Chizuru." He affirmed before he crushed his lips to hers passionately.

\_A little while later \_

"I'll see you later at dinner." Okita said as he put on his new \_haori\_.

"See you later, Souji-san." Chizuru replied with a dreamy voice. She looked like a person whose soul was laid bare. The mind-blowing fifteen minutes activity had drained most of her strength that she barely able to stand.

Okita smirked with satisfaction when he caught the sight of her kiss-bruised lips and dreamy eyes. He must admit how he loved to see such expression on her face and he intended to draw it from her whenever he had a chance.

\* \* \*

><p>"Are you really sure about this, Shinpachi-san?" Heisuke re-confirmed as he held a wine opener with trembling hand.<p>

"Definitely!" Shinpachi answered confidently.

Heisuke took a deep breath before he opened the wine bottle and poured the contents into two wine glasses Shinpachi was holding.

"To be honest I hate wine but since you said that this one is vintage wine, I'll give it a try." Heisuke took a healthy cut of Camembert cheese from a small plate on the dining table and chewed it before he drank his wine.

"How is it?" Shinpachi asked curiously when he saw Heisuke finished drinking. The younger boy raised two thumbs up as he smiled happily. Shinpachi's lips curved into a smile of satisfaction before he drank his wine and ate a large cut of the cheese.

"What if our boss finds out that his wine is missing?" Heisuke asked

nervously.

"I have no doubt that he will chop our heads or boil us for eternity." Heisuke turned pale when he heard the words.

"Don't worry, he won't notice. He still has plenty of this in the storage room." Shimpachi chuckled as he poured more to his glass and enjoyed its fruity scent.

"Anyway, I didn't know that wine could taste this good and that it go so well with the cheese we bought from Kazama. The first wine I drank tasted like mud." Heisuke grimaced while he recalled the memory of his first wine.

"Well, this one is a fifty year old vintage wine. I wonder how much it costs." Shimpachi examined the wine bottle curiously.

"I'm honored to announce that it costs the life of two hell guardians." A familiar voice replied coldly. Heisuke and Shimpachi gulped the lump in their throat awkwardly before they turned around. A very furious Okita stood right before their eyes and gave them his deadliest glare of the century.

"I-I like your new haori, Boss. Where did you buy it?" Shimpachi enquired tensely.

"Y-You have a very good sense in fashion, Boss." Heisuke added with a shaky voice.

Okita ignored them and walked forward while his sub-ordinates moved backward as they stared at him in horror as if he's a tyrannosaurus and they were its helpless preys.

"We are terribly sorry for what we did so, please spare our life, Boss." Heisuke pleaded.

"Stop joking, Heisuke. We are already dead." Shimpachi scolded his fellow.

"Oh, I always forgot that part." Heisuke laughed chirpy.

"Toudo Heisuke! Nagakura Shimpachi!" Okita yelled angrily.

"Yes, Sir!" Heisuke and Shimpachi replied in chorus as they gave Okita an army salute. Okita nearly busted into laughter when he noticed how pale his comrades were.

"On your hands and knees, now!" Okita commanded as he took a ferule from the storage box behind him. Shimpachi and Heisuke knew that they had no choice but to obey their boss. A loud crack of the whip was followed by painful screams of two hell guardians that echoed inside the ragged dojo.

\* \* \*

><p>"It's your entire fault!" Heisuke snapped at Shimpachi as he rubbed his bruised butt.<p>

"I wouldn't have come out with the idea if you didn't buy the cheese from Kazama." Shimpachi fought back.



"I couldn't help it, they looked so yummy." Heisuke whined hopelessly.

"What's for today, Boss?" Shinpachi ignored his whiny little comrade before he peeked into the letter Okita was reading.

"We shall hear the explanation directly." Okita answered plainly as he cracked open the main door. In front of him there stood a middle-aged chubby man who welcomed him with a wicked smile.

"So, you are the hell boy. I'm Takeda Suguru." The man greeted Okita.

"I'm Okita Souji and I'm here to accomplish your grudge." Okita replied immediately.

"Okay then, let's get straight to the point. I want you to send this nasty woman called Tamiya Saori to hell." Takeda requested.

"Do you mind to tell me the reason?" Okita asked back.

"Well, she said that it's the only property she inherited from her father so she must keep it no matter what." Takeda spat.

"Now, why the heck you need to buy her house? I thought you're rich enough to buy your own." Heisuke said sarcastically as he glanced at the golden accessories the man was wearing.

"It is true that I already bought a house of my own but I want to have more since I'm a big fan of samurai residence. Such fabulous architectures are very rare nowadays." Takeda answered evilly.

"You're taking the only property of an orphan and you don't feel guilty at all. What a greedy man!" Shinpachi verbalized emotionally.

"You have no idea of how good it feels when you're able to gain everything you want, young man. All the things in this world can be bought by gold and once I bought something I just can't stop asking for more. People talk about how glorious is the dignity of samurai but for me it's just a piece of shit since it can't even buy you a bowl of rice." Takeda laughed cynically.

"Why you?" Heisuke drew his sword fiercely.

"Behave yourself, Heisuke. He is our customer." Shinpachi warned his junior.

Okita took a voodoo doll from his front pocket and handed it to Takeda then said, "When you pull the red string of this doll, our contract will be established and your grudge will be settled. For the compensation, your soul will be sent to hell after death."

"This is so exciting! As long as I can get what I want while I'm still alive, I don't care about what will happen after death." Takeda exclaimed as he pulled the red string.

"Request accepted." Okita said firmly.

"Boss, this isn't fair at all! Tamiya Saori is not guilty." Heisuke stood in front of Okita and blocked his way.

"Stay out of my way, Heisuke." Okita admonished but Heisuke shook his head.

" Heisuke! How many times should I tell you that our job isn't about being a hero of justice!" Shimpachi bespoke. Heisuke bit his lip anguishly as he moved aside and let Okita go accomplish his mission.

\* \* \*

><p>Okita stood still as he let the heavy rain soaked his body. He clenched his fists tightly in despair. He recalled the memory of his target that fell to her knees and begged him not to take her to hell since she was still on her way to achieve her dream of becoming a school teacher. He had been doing his recent job for a time that seemed like eternity and had experienced the similar case and never felt guilty of what he did. He had no idea why this time his heart was filled with uneasiness but, deep inside his heart he wondered if it had been love that weakened him.<p>

"Okita-san!" A familiar voice called his name anxiously. He did not bother to turn around since he already knew who was calling him but, he had no other choice than to obey when the caller told him to stay under the umbrella and walked together with her persistently. Okita did not say even a word on the way home and Chizuru noticed that it was not a good timing to ask question so, she decided to zip her mouth tightly and let Okita tell her everything when he was ready.

She helped him to get changed and dried his shoulder length auburn hair with a towel when they arrived home. She was about to prepare something warm for him to drink when all of sudden he pulled her back next to him.

"O-Okita-san!" She mumbled tensely.

"Chizuru, do you regret being involved in a love relationship with this sinful man?" He asked bitterly while his left hand caressed her cheek.

"Not at all," Came her confident answer as she stared back at him affectionately.

Okita smiled in relief before he leaned forward and planted his lips on hers gently. The two were too busy with each other that they did not notice a shadow of man who watched them from the window.

In the night sky, the full moon came out from beyond the clouds and illuminated the ground. The shadow slowly disappeared as the figure of young man with silky raven hair and crimson red eyes was revealed.

"At last I found you, my beloved little sister." He whispered wickedly.

\*\*To Be Continued\*\*

\_\*\*Author's Note: Sorry that this took so long to write :( . I was busy searching for a new job. Fortunately, I got one so I'll be busy for a while :) . Anyway, I'd like to thank Direction of Time for being my loyal Beta Reader and everyone who read and reviewed this fic :D. See you soon in the last chapter! \*\*\_

End  
file.